The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framed,
Thus both are gone with conſcience and remorſe,
They could not ſpeake and ſo I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloudie king. *Enter Ki. Rich.*
And here he comes, all haile my ſoueraigne liege.
King. Kind Tirrell am I happie in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you giue in charge,
Beget your happineſſe, be happie then
For it is done my Lord.
King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle Tirrell?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the tower hath buried them.
But how or in what place I do not know.
King: ~~*Tir.*~~ Come to me Tirrell ſoone at after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good.
And be inheritor of thy deſire. *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of Clarence haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanelie haue I matcht in marriage,
The ſonnes of Edward ſleepe in Abrahams boſome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world godnight,
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I go a iollie thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord,
King. Good newes or bad, that thou comeſt in ſo bluntly?
Cateſ. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to Richmond.
And Buckingham backt with the hardie Welchmen,
Is in the field, and ſtill his power increaſeth.
King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his raſh leuied armie:
Come, I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitour to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnaile-paſt beggerie,
Then fierie expedition be my wing, Ioues

Ioues Mercurie and Herald for a King:
Come, muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be briefe when traitors braue the field. *E*
Enter Queene Margaret ſola.
Q. Mar. So now proſperitie begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death:
Here in theſe confines ſlilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am I witneſſe to,
And will to France, hoping the conſequence
Will prooue as bitter, blacke and tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here
Enter the Qu. and the Ducheſſe of Yorke.
Qu. Ah my young princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing ſweets,
If yet your gentle ſoules flie in the ayre
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your aierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, ſay that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.
Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flie from ſuch gentle lamb
And throw them in the intrailes of the wolfe:
When didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deede was done
Qu. Mar. When holie *Harry* died, and my ſweet ſo
Duch. Blind ſight, dead life, poore mortall liuing gh
Woes ſceane, worlds ſhame, graues due by life vſurp
Reſt thy vnreſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfullie made drunke with innocents bloud.
Qu. O that thou woludſt as well affoord a graue,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholie ſeate,
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here:
O who hath any cauſe to mourne but I!
Duc. So many miſeries haue crazd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q Mar. If auncient ſorrow be moſt reuerent,
Giue mine the benefite of ſignorie,